## AT DEVIL'S RUN. BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

PART I. On this June morning there is peace in the

land. The Indian agent at Fort Bliss reserva tion is congratulating himself on the meek and humble demeanor of the 3,000 subjects under his care, and today his monthly report will announce that the war fever, which seized upon some of the bucks a week or so ago, has entirely vanished. Even "Bald-Faced Charley," a subchief, and the worst of the lot, has settled himself down to be

"a good boy." At 6 o'clock in the morning Sergeant Yates rode out of Fort Bliss with seven troopers to repair the bridge at Devil's Run. Fifteen miles to the west Devil's Run cuts across the military read, as it comes up from the Union Pacific railroad. It is a mountain torrent rushing through the rocky gorge, twenty feet wide, and the spot is wild and lonely.

At 9:30 o'clock, after guard mount, and before the men are ordered out for forenoon drill, Lieut. Day and Miss Phelps canter out of the fort for a ride across the country to the west. The officer is one of the three or four unmarried men at the post; Mis Phelps is Major Haliday's niece, here on a three months' visit from the east. It is a beautiful morning, and so full of the baln of peace that the sick men in the hospita feel the effects of it like a tonic.

At 1! o'clock the soldier telegraph operator at the post, who is smoking his pipe and looking out of the window at a troop drill, catches a sharp and sudden call, and five minutes later he hurries to the office of the adjutant with a telegram from the Indian

agent, which reads:
"Bald-Faced Charley and fifty fighting bucks jumped the reservation last night and headed for Little Valley!"

So, while congratulating himself on the humble attitude of his charges, a war party had slipped off under cover of darkness, and had doubtless found their first victim before he was out of bed. So Sergeant Yates and his seven men had departed for the exact spot where the Indians would seek to cross the military road to fall upon the half-dozen settlers in Little Valley. And so, riding forth across the plains toward the green-covered foot-hills, Lieut. Day and Miss Phelps were liable to ride into an ambush within ten miles of the fort. The signs which signified peace were base deception. Ten minutes after that dispatch was received Fort Bliss was in a state of turn Under cover of darkness the renegade In

dians made straight for Little Valley, thirty miles from the agency, and about the same distance from the fort. They had six hours before daylight, and meant to fall upon the settlers in the early morning. After midnight a fog came on which reduced progress and finally checked it altogether. It thus happened that daylight found the war party still to the north of the military read, and they did not propose to cross it until night came again. The bulk of them went into camp for the day, but scouts were sent out in every direction to pick up information. Two of these scouts, from their position on the crest of a ridge, saw the two riders as ance. Tuen the four, mounted on their fleet ponies, made a hasty run of a mile, and entered a dry ravine and waited. Ten minntes after their arrival the riders passed them, headed almost direct for the Indian camp, and with the four warriors in their rear. The pair were cut off, and as good as captured. For a mile or more they de on in ignerance of the situation. Then, as they drew rein on the crest of a ridge to breathe

their horses, the officer looked back and



"Never mind me!" he sternly cried.

noted the four Indians following. There were plenty of redskins riding about every day in the week, but even the way these "subjects" sat their ponies was proof to him that they were renegades and meant mischief. He was armed with a revolver alone. To the right were the fcot-hills-to the left the military road. This road was five miles away. If they could reach it they might run upon the daily mail coach or some freighters, or, by extending the galloo, reach Devii's Run and the working

You see those Indians, Miss Phelps?" quietly asked the officer, as he pointed to the redskins advancing at a walk.

"They doubtless belong to a war party which has broken loose from the reservation. The military road is off this way. We must ride for it. Get a firm seat in your saddle and give your horse the rein and stop for nothing. I shall follow close behind, but never mind me. If you are alone when you reach the road turn to the left and keep on until you reach the Run."
"Do you mean it?" she said, as the color died out of her face and her lip trem-Every word of it, my dear friend. Be

a brave girl and do as I tell you. Our horses are still fresh, and please God we may keep our distance. Ready now. We shall have a good half mile the start." "But you—you—!"
"Never mind me," he sternly commanded.

"I shall follow after, but you must pay no attention. Remember-turn to the left when you strike the road. horse his head and trust him to find his ay. Now you are off!"
"Ki! Yi! Yi!" came the yells of the In-

dians as the two riders started off, and then the race began. For the first mile it was an even race. Then the Indians began to gain, inch by inch, and as they did so the officer began to drop back. The girl was riding with a firm seat and her horse was picking his own route. The Indians continued their yelling, but as they crept nearer and nearer the reports of their rifles were added. As a bullet sang over her head Miss Phelps looked back with a white, scared face, but the officer smiled at her and motioned for her to pay no attention. There came a sec-ond, a third and a fourth. Then the lieutenant felt a sudden pain in his right shoulder—a sensation as if a hot iron had touched the flesh, and he changed the reins to his left hand and muttered to

"That's a bullet through the shoulder, they can't do as well again!" It was wild shooting on the part of the pursuers, but they were counting on luck. Although they had gained somewhat in the race the long-legged cavalry horses had the advantage in climbing the ridges and were still in good wind. They were certain to reach the military road first, barring accident. Bullet after bullet went flying after the fugitives, and when the road was only a mile away the officer suddenly lifted in his saddle again. A bullet had struck him in the left hip. The indians knew that he was hit carried will be the saddle again. dians knew that he was hit again and yelled in triumph. The girl looked back, and the officer closed up the distance and shout-ed to her through his clinched teeth:

"We are close upon the road now! Be sure and turn to the left!" Down the slope of a ridge as steep as a house roof thundered the riders into the highway, and after them came the redis. A turn to the left, and then, riding by side, the officer and the girl used the spurs for the first time and began to draw quickly away. The race was lost to the pursuers, and in their rage they fired their Winchesters as fast as they could pull the trigger. could pull the trigger. Ping! Ping! Ping! sang the bullets. One of them grazed the lady's hat—another passed through her riding skirt—a third struck the officer in the calf of the right leg. "Are you hit?" he asked, as he turned to

"Only grazed, I think. It can't be over two miles to the run, and the Indians will soon give up the chase. Hello-what's this!"

"No-are you?"

Half an hour previously one of the ser-geant's party at Devil's Run had climbed a high hill to examine some growing tim-ber, which might be used for the bridge. Looking away to the cast he had seen the Looking away to the cast he had seen the officer and the lady as they galloped for their lives, and he had no sooner given the alarm than the sergeant ordered every man to saddle up. It took ten minutes to get started, but they rode fast and were in time. As they met the fugitives they drew aside and let them pass and then fell upon the four Indians and wined three of upon the four Indians and wiped three of them, off the face of the earth. The fourth abandoned his pony and escaped up a ra-vine. When the sergeant rode back in search of his officer and the lady he found them in his camp at Devil's Run. The lieutenant was lying on the ground, and

Miss Phelps was near by, crying and wring-ing her hands and calling for help. "What's up, mum?" called the sergeant, what's up, mum? called the sergeant, as he rode up and dismounted.
"He in dead—don't you see he is dead?" she walled in reply.
"Looks like it. Shot in the leg, hip and

shoulder! Ye gods, but what pluck to hang on as he did! No, he isn't dead! Here, Wilkins, get some water, and you, Green,



help me to cut his clothes off and dress these hurts. Grant, you lead the lady away a bit and talk to her till she calms down, and the rest of you keep your eyes open for Indians. A band has jumped the reservation and will try to cross here, and we may have the whole crowd down on us

The 'lady from the east,' as the soldiers called her, had never seen a hostile Indian in her life, and such a crisis as she had passed through would have weakened the nerves of almost any man. She pulled herthe crest of a ridge, saw the two riders as self together in a few minutes, however, they came loping over the plains. A signal brought two more scouts to their assistance he opened his eyes and looked about him and asked: "What is it, sergeant-what has happened?

"You got a run from the Indians, sir, and you are wounded in three places. I'm patching you up, lieutenant, and in five minutes I'll send a man to the fort for the ambulance.

"And Miss Phelps?"
"Unhurt, and here to answer for herself,

'Thank God for that!" A few minutes later, while the bluff but good-hearted sergeant and the half-crying girl were "patching up" the wounded of-ficer for his ride to the fort, a trooper was sent off to the fort with a message. He had not been gone ten minutes when the reports of rifles were heard, and in another ten he was back and reporting. "Sergeant, the reptiles are in ambush along the road beside that big dead pine! I caught sight of at least five or six of them as they fired, and my horse is hit and I've a bullet in my leg!"
"We are cut off, sir!" reported the ser-

geant, in turn, to the lieutenant.

But the officer had fainted from the loss of blood and the pain of his wounds.

PART II.

It was lucky for the honor of the old -th cavalry that Sergt. Yates had been sent out in command of that bridge-repairing party. It was lucky for the wounded lieutenant, for "the lady from the east" and for all concerned except the Indians. The sergeant was a veteran Indian fighter and a man of nerve. The little troop had come out with only their blankets and cooking utensils, expecting to pass only a night at the Run, and had camped down close to their work. The position was an exposed one, and the first move was to seek a better one. Such a place was at band among the bowlders on the everlooking the bridge. Two troopers were sent up the road a quarter of a mile act as videttes, two more down the road to see if the Indians had reached it on that side, and as the lieuterant recovered con-sciousness again the sergeant saluted and

We are going to move up among the rccks, sir. There come the men from be-low, and it's sure we have the redskins on both sides of us. No fear about



The Soldiers Opened Fire.

standing 'em off, however. Now, boys, easy with him." The horses w horses were unsaddled and driven down into the bed of the Run to take care of themselves. All the canteens, coffee pots and kettles were filled with fresh water and carried up to the new camp, and without fuss or excitement the entire party and all their belongings were soon posted on the hill. With their axes the men lopped off branches to make a bed for the wounded officer, and loose rocks were piled between the bowlders to make the position impregnable. When the sergeant reported to his officer what he had done the latter replied:
"Very well. You ha

You have done just the right thing. I am better now, and I'll try to help you out with advice. If the Indians attack see that Miss Phelps is well sheltered. If the reds are above and below we can't expect help. How are the

men?"
"All right, sir. Davis is wounded, but not disabled, and there'll be eight of us to hold the place. We can hold it for a week. If the lady will look after you we'll week. If the lady will look after you we'll take care of the murdering redskins."

The officer felt his position keenly, but it could not be helped. Such was the pain of the wound in the hip that he was compelled to lie at full length. Had he been able to sit up with his back to a rock his pristol arm was useless. After her rally the girl had taken hold in a way to prove that she had plenty of pluck, and she now announced her readiness to take charge of the helpless man. Do you look for love ard romance here? If so, I must disappoint you. Miss Phelps was already engaged to a young man in her home city,

gaged to a young man in her home city, and Lieut. Day had passed into confirmed bachelorhood. Her heart was big with

replied.
"I do not want to call the sergeant away. "I do not want to call the sergeant away. Go down to him and ask if there are any signs of Indians yet. They may cross the read without attacking us."

In five minutes she returned to report. "The sergeant says the Indians are closing in from the west and the north, and he expects a rush within ten minutes. He has counted as high as thirty but helieves.

has counted as high as thirty, but believes

the party is much larger."

The Indians did not wait ten minutes.

They had left men to held the road above and below, and they aimed to wipe out the soldiers and then make their dash into Little Valley and out again before any news could reach Fort Bliss. There were about thirty in the rush against the two sides of the camp most open to attack—fifteen on a side. At a signal whoop they came tearing up the slope, covered with trees, shrubs and bowlders, and never did red men display more pluck and determination. The soldiers opened fire as soon as a stormer could be sighted, and with her face as white as the clouds above and her heart in her mouth, Miss Phelps reported to the groaning officer:

"The men are down on their knees and firing over the rocks. They do not seem at all excited. There—I see an Indian on the north side—I see two others down there! How they shrick and yell! One has leaped the rocks! There comes another, but the sergeant—"
"And I lying here helpless!" shouted the

officer. "Is the sergeant down? For GoJ's sake, tell me what is happening!" "No! The sergeant shot one and brained the other with his clubbed musket! The men are cheering, the Indians

Three minutes later the sergeant came up to salute and report.
"We drove them back, sir, and I think we killed seven or eight, but I've lost two men "Well done, sergeant!" replied the of-ficer when he could control his voice. "I'm sorry for the loss, but perhaps the Indians wil stay licked." "I'm afraid they won't, sir. I never saw such devils. I must get back to the men

and look out for another dash. If they come as they did before we'll have a hard job of it."

"Is he afraid the Indians will overpower him?" asked the girl when the sergeant "Yes, if they rush him again. There are

only five men now."
"And if we are captured?"
"We won't be!" quietly replied the officer.
"Put my revolver here at my left hand, and do you sit down here! If the Indians carry the camp I shall shoot you and then "Yes-yes-that will be the way!" she said as she handed him the weapon and sat down at his elbow. "There they come again! Yes, you will shoot me first!"

"Are the men cool?" asked the officer, as the carbines began to speak. "Yes—same as before. There comes the Indians! I can see one—two—three—God have mercy on us!"

"Are they inside?"
"Yes—yes—shoot me!" "Be quiet! What's the sergeant doing?"
"He's—he's fighting—the men are fight ing-oh, God, but how they are fighting!' she shrieked as she hid her face in her

hands.

"And now?" asked the lieutenant, as the eads of perspiration stood out on his forehead and his eyes burned like coals of fire "The Indians are down-they have been driven out-the men are cheering for vicory!" she gasped as she leaped up.
"They came again, sir, as I thought they

would," said the sergeant, as he came up to report, "but we have beaten them off. Their loss is so heavy that they won't try t again."
"And about our loss?" asked the offi-

eer.
"Sorry to report, sir, that the men are all down but Barnes and me."
"What! All dead!"



Miss Phelps Called to Them.

"All dead, sir. The man wounded be fore was killed in this rush. Barnes has a scratch or so and I've got the same, but I think the worst is over now. They'll hang about and do some shooting, but they won't rush on us again. If they do, we'l fall back here and—and—" And die together, he meant, though he did not utter the words. The officer understood and smiled grimly; the girl under-

stood, and in her heart she felt more ad-miration for the weather-beaten old sergeant than for any other man living.
The Indians did not rush again. They had lost thirteen in killed and five or six wounded, and they did not know how great a loss they had inflicted on the defenders. Their raid into Little Valley must be given up, and they would sneak back to the res-ervation and become "good Indians" again. Before going, however, they wanted revenge for their dead and wounded. Scattering about, and two or three of them climbing trees to get a plunging fire, they began a desultory fusillade, and at the end of a quarter of an hour Private Barnes was shot through the head. Miss Phelps was reporting the tragedy to the lieutenant when Sergeant Yates came up and saluted and announced:

"Barnes is gone, sir; but I'H do the best I can alone. I think the devils are about to give up the fight, but the lady must lie close or some sharpshooter will pick her off. Please keep down, miss. Any orders,

"None, sergeant. The news of this party getting away from the reservation must have been telegraphed the fort, and no doubt troops have been sent out. We ought to be hearing from some of them

"That's it, sir, and I'll go back to the big bowlders and try and pot the red devils in the big tree.

the big tree."

After that the fire of the Indians slackened to an occasional shot, and the wounded officer read the sign aright. The discomfited redskins were making ready to retire. Scarcely ten minutes had gone by when the reports of carbines were heard to the east, followed by cheers, and as the sergeant cheered and Miss Phelps clapped her heads the lieutenest exclaimed. er hands, the lieutenant exclaimed:
"Thank God for that! It is a detachment

from the fort, looking after us and the sergeant's party, and we are saved! Listen to the hoof-beats of the horses!" "Hooray! Hooray! It's our boys coming!" shouted the sergeant, as he swung his cap and danced about.

There was just one more report from a rifle, but neither the girl nor the officer gave it any attention. They were looking for the rescuers, and as the troopers came in sight on the road below, Miss Phelps climbed over the rocks and called to them. A captain was in command, and as he scrambled up the hill, followed by a dozen dismounted men, he reached out for the hand of the hysterical girl, and shouted:

rock. Oh, sergeant?"

The sergeant did not move nor answer. club.

gratitude, however, for his gallantry and courage, and on his part he had that chivalrous reverence and admiration for the sex always to be found in the army officer, but always showing the stronger at the posts farthest from civilisation.

"If you had not covered my retreat you would not have received these bullets!" she reproachfully said, as she wet the bandages over his wounds.

"They are mere scratches and won't bother me a month," he stoutly replied.

"My only regret is that I can't sit up and take a hand in. You must act as my aid as well as nurse. How are the men posted?"

"On the three sides of the square," she replied.
"If do not went to call the square," she winkle Felt When He Work In Winkle Felt When He Work

Winkle Felt When He Woke Up. From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

The village of Graysville, has developed a strange case as viewed from a medical standpoint-that of a man who had lain upon his bed for twenty-four years, during a great part of which time he was blind and speechless, and sometimes unable to hear, but can now walk about with the aid of crutches, and his eyesight, voice and hearing all restored. This man is Asa McClelland. He was a soldier in the late war, being a member of Company C. 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and will be remembered by many of his old comrades.

In the early part of the '70s he was taken ill and became bedfast. He lost the use of his body, and finally sank into a half-con-

sclous state, during which he lost both eye-sight and power to speak, and for a time could not hear. Some time before his illness his mind became temporarily affected, and he attempted to take his life by shooting. The ball struck him near the the brain, but failed to penetrate the skull. the brain, but failed to penetrate the skull.
But little injury was done, apparently, by
the wound, and he went about for several
months afterward. After he became ill
his case baffled the aid of physicians.
Much of the time he would lie upon his
bed with his head and entire body under bed with his head and entire body under covers. He would show no sign of recognition, and his food was frequently pushed under the covers within his reach, and thus he ate enough to sustain life. This lasted during a period of twenty-four years. After the first four years old accurate needs ter the first few years old acquaintances ceased their visits, and he almost dropped

the following strange story: A short time ago he felt strength sudden ly return to his body, and had an impulse to rise. He tried to do so and found that to rise. He tried to uo so and found that he could get up. About the same time he found his eyesight restored. He had not uttered a sound for years, but the thought occurred to him to speak, and he found his

out of their remembrance. He now relates

His first attempt to walk was by resting his first attempt to walk was by resting his hands upon the back of a chair and pushing it along, but he now uses crutches. He had forgotten many words, and those were taught him just as a little child is instructed. In the same way he was taught to read again. Everything was new to him. He, however, remembered the names and faces of former acquaintances. An old acquaintance who had not seen him for many years met him at the store at Grays-ville, and was quickly recognized by Mc-Clelland. The latter refers to the period of his life prior to his illness as one who has been away in another part of the country for many years and has just returned. He speaks of places about the village as "when I was here before they looked so and so." He says there were but two or three houses It is a says there were but two or three nouses in Graysville when he was there then.

Like Rip Van Winkle, he seems to have awakened from a long dream. He says that during his illness he was many times able to hear what was said, but had not the power to whisper even a reply. He has an interest in a piece of land, and draws a small pension, and says he now is able to conduct his own business. Mr. McClelland is fifty-four years old, and formerly worked at the painting trade.

A FABLE OF THE SPARROW.

Man Would Become More Beautiful in Old Age if He Lived a Natural Life. From the New York Sun. The plain-looking but very intelligent

little Sparrow baving made an unusually early call upon her friend, the Man, was surprised, on entering the room through the partly closed shutters, to find him taking a bath in warm milk instead of water. "Oh, I beg pardon for the intrusion," said the Sparrow, turning quickly to go away. "Walt," replied the Man; "don't apologize; old friends like us heed not stand on eremony; I am always glad to see you. What can I do for you or tell you this

"Thank you for your kindness," said the Sparrow. "I came for a little visit only, but since my timely arrival has shown me something new in baths, I hope you won't mind my asking you why you prefer milk "I will tell you with pleasure," answered

the Man. "Um-just look at the housemaid over the way, the one who destroyed your nest for you. Do you observe that there is a faint resemblance between her and the thin, brown-faced old woman beside her?" "Ye-e-s, a faint resemblance." answered the Sparrow, somewhat doubtfully.
"All right. The old woman is the girl's mother—I know her, for she is my laundress. The thin, haggard mother was no doubt at one time round and plump and rosy-cheeked and—well—very like her daughter is now; but old age is telling on her rapidly, and she is no longer charming to the eye. Now, the learned members of to the eye. Now, the learned members of to the eye. Now, the learned members of my race have discovered that baths of warm milk taken at proper intervals keep warm taken at proper intervals keep warm milk taken at proper intervals keep the skin soft and velvety—stay the hand of time for a space, as I may say. So I use the milk bath. Of course, it is only a make-shift: I must become like the old woman eventually, for nature's laws are not to be evaded for any length of time, and it is an inexorable law of nature that everything must fade and wither as old age comes on. Do you understand that?"

"No, I do not," replied the Sparrow, "and if you will pardon the presumption of one of the lower order of animals, I should like to ask how it happens that you never saw either the beauty of well-ripened fruit or the glories of a forest clothed in ripened foliage?"

The Fun of Yale Students.

From the New Haven Register. The campus elms these days are placarded with many grotesque advertisements. The students are seiling out their furni-

ture, and here are some of the advertisements: "Fine bookcase for sale; has been braced up after two attacks of nervous prostration, and is now all right, except for a little palsy when you try to sleep on the top shelf. Call early and often; must be sold;

no extra charge for palsy."

Another sign reads: "I am Vanderbilt, therefore I can afford to sell cheap. Books, chairs, bed, bric-a-brac, everything except room walls, for sale. All the Latin and Greek authors are conveniently interlined with English. Big inducement to fellows needing easy courses in classics."

Another sign is: "Buy now. A bed that's Another sign is: "Buy now. A bed that's like a circus springboard, and will make you rise early any day. All you have to do is to hit your heels once against the sheet and up you are. Always thus out of bed in time if you do the heel act soon enough. The bed is werth \$28, but has been marked down to \$4.98, for this day."

One sign tells the beholder that there is "A great slaughter sale in my room your.

One sign tells the beholder that there is "A great slaughter sale in my room, yourself included, if you call and don't buy. Six callers killed already." Business done with dispatch. No cablegrams answered. Our elevator always runs down. Walk up to No. —, North Middle. "Not more than ten pieces of furniture sold to any one person. All speculators wafted out the second-story window." story window."

A student frankly tells the public through the medium of an elm tree placard: my furniture is as good as new, for I wasn't in my room but twice this year. My books are not thumb-solled, for I never used

A sea lion story comes from San Diego

Caught With a Shark From The Los Angeles Times. 97

that is substantiated by the skin of the lion now at the home of the captor. An angler on the government jetty at the harbor mouth baited his hook with a smelt. The hook was swallowed by a small leopard shark. A large sea lion happened by and was attracted by the furious antics of the captive shark as the fish endeavored to break the line. The lion paddled up and swallowed the shark and the murderous hook. The barb of the stout hook became firmly implanted in little fight, but I was not in it. The sergeant, God bless him, deserves all the credit. You came just in time. He told me a moment ago that all his men had been wiped out."

"God forbid! Where is Vater?" "God forbid! Where is Yates?"

"Down that way."

"Yes, I see him kneeling beside the big strength was a fullous light. The home resorted to all the cunning known to his kind to get away. It was useless. His strength was a fullous light. The home resorted to all the cunning known to his kind to get away. It was useless. His strength was a fullous light. drawn to the shore and dispatched with a

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A HISTORY OF MODERN BANKS OF ISSUE.
With An Account of the Economic Crises of the
Present Century. By Charles A. Conant. New
York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Washington:
Robert Beall.

It is rather remarkable that until this

time the world has been without such a work as this which Mr. Conant has just presented it with. Legislators and financiers have discussed currency questions from all standpoints through all the ages since man first inhabited the earth, but not until now have there been consolidated in one volume those facts the knowledge of which is essential to anything like a comprehersive understanding of a subject now especially interesting. The purpose of Mr. Conant's excellent product is, as he announces, historical rather than controversial; he has even "refrained from dis-cussing the problem of the single or double standard, because the rules which gov ern a banking currency apply with equa force, whatever metal constitutes the stan dard money of redemption." Mr. Conan has been most conscientious in the comple tion of his self-imposed task. He has bee thorough. He will surely reap the reward that is invariably the harvest of the care ful and fortunate husbandman. After deep study, Mr. Conant has reached a conclu sion that will not be assailed by brainy men of experience; a conclusion that logically succeeds the historical truths he makes plain: "The currency of a commercial country should be regulated by commercial conditions, and not by the whims of politicians." No real library complete so long as it has not "A His tory of Modern Banks of Issue.

THE PEOPLES AND POLITICS OF THE FAI HE FEOFLES AND POLITICS OF THE FAR EAST. Travels and Studies in the British, French, Spanish and Portuguese Colonics, Si-beria, China, Japan, Korea, Siam and Malaya, By Henry Norman, author of "The Real Japan." With Sixty Illustrations and four maps, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: Brentano's.

There is no better written or more valu

able volume on the far east than this. Many travelers have given us the benefit of their investigations and ideas, but none has yet reached that degree of excellence achieved by Henry Norman. In the preface Mr. Norman says: "This book is the result the countries and colonies of which it treats. I have described and discussed no place that I did not visit, and in every one I remained long enough, and was fortunate enough in learning the views and experi ences of the local authorities and best-informed residents, to make sure at any rate that I was not misled into mere hasty im-pressions." No careful reader of the book but will declare that Mr. Norman is a conscientious historian, and clever. From the moment he commences to describe Shanghai until-some six hundred pages later-he casts the horoscope of the far east, he is interesting, instructive, thrilling and amusing. He sketches people and places with wonderful fidelity to nature, he discourses on politics and the economics of government with tremendous force, he has commercial, military and naval details at strange lands without disregarding the hos pitality of his entertainers, he prophesies with power, and so clearly that his reasons for forecasting are all visible to the average mind; and all these things are done admirably. A vast quantity of wholesome truth is attractively set forth with out fear or favor—even the statistical state ments compel attention-and there is lib eral display of illustrations, most of them the result of photographs taken by Mr. Norman, If Mr. Norman had never ren dered the reading public any other service than the writing of this book, he would be a creditor whose claims could not easily satisfied. There is, however, other indebtedness, so the possibility of Mr. Norman ever being anything but a creditor is not apparent.

LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR. His Life, Times and Speeches. By Elward Mayes, LLD, Nashville, Tenn.: Peblishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

In Washington, where a close, personal perspective of the man was possible, no book of the day has a richer biographical interest than the life of the late Justice Lamar. The work has been done by his son-in-law, Chancellor Mayes of the University of Mississippi, not merely as a ribute of affection, but with a literary strength and earnestness which has produced not only an adequate portraval of one of the most picturesque public characters of the times, but also a most interesting panorama of the events of which he was part. Natuarlly a great portion of the book is given to the reconstruction period, during which Mr. Lamar's special errand in public life as a counsellor of peace brought him forth into the light of fame. His eulogy of Charles Sum-ner, as well as his defense of the name of Jefferson Davis, and the many speeches which he made, in Congress and out, in the effort and hope of promoting the good-will between the sections and a remited devotion to the flag of a common country have been edited and appear in full. An appendix, embracing perhaps one-fourth of the volume, presents all the more im-portant speeches of his life, including his famous forensic duels with Mr. Blain

and Mr. Conkling. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Complete Works, compri ing his Speeches, Letters, State Papers and Miscellaneous Writings, edited by John G. Nicolay and John Hay. New York: The Cen-tury Company. Washington: Charles L. Condit. These two volumes are logically supplemental to the Lincoln biography written by Nicolay and Hay. Herein will be found every speech and letter of importance ever delivered or written by the martyr President, whose greatness grows appreciably as time rolls on. The student of American history who has not read this collection of documents will be fatally defective as to information until the lack has been supplied.

AT HAWARDEN WITH MR. GLADSTONE, and Other Transatlantic Experiences. By William H. Rideing. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell

Mr. William H. Rideing, the associate editor of the North American Review and of the Youth's Companion, whose charming little volume of English sketches, entitled "In the Land of Lorna Doone," was so favorably received by the press last year, has followed it up with a similar sheaf of papers, the outcome of his experiences of travel and observation in the British Islands. The Gladstone sketch is extremely pleasing, but it is by no means all of the volume. The chapters on "A Run Ashore at Queenstown," "The Route of the Wild Irishman," "Quaint C.d Yarmouth," "Law, Lawyers and Law Courts,"
"The House of Commons" and "Old and New on the Atlantic," are all very interesting.

THE MYSTERY OF HANDWRITING. A Hand book of Graphology. By J. Harrington Keene ("Grapho"). Hiustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Discusses handwriting as an index to character, and does it so that any one who is up to the common average of intelligence can understand the science. The mystery will nevertheless remain. Not even Mr. Keene can tell us why there is a close relationship between a man's auto-graph and a man's soul. Students will doubtless find this book helpful; those who are not students will become interested if they will only start to read it. WHAT THEY SAY IN NEW ENGLAND. A Book

of Signs, Sayings and Superstitions. Collected by Clifton Johnson, author of "The New Eng-land Country," "The Farmer's Boy," &c. Bos-ton: Lee & Shepard.

Mr. Johnson has here gathered and given us in the language in which he received them the odd sayings, rhymes and superstitions which are or have been current in New England. The volume was begun with the idea of collecting for private entertainment the remnants of folk-lore which are in constant use in many New England households. Not only was the number found to be remarkable, but, according to the compiler, the amount of be lief still held in them is astonishing. The book is unique in style as well as in character, and will be found of singular interes to all and of special value to all lovers of folk-lore.

MEMORIES OF HAWAII and Hawaiian Correspondence. By Julius A. Palmer, Jr., Special Correspondent "Daily Evening Transcript," Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Mr. Palmer endeavored in the newspaper correspondence of which this volume is built to treat his topics from practically all standpoints. He cries "Good Lord" and "Good devil" with equal force, and finally reaches conclusions that cannot be ac-cepted by either of the parties. It is an interesting but scrappily-constructed publiHighest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U.S. Gov't Report

## Yal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

cation; a succession of unsuccessful efforts

STORIES BY ENGLISH AUTHORS. London. York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washing Brentano's. Most of these have been published separately, but that fact cannot injure their qualities. The contributions are "The Inconsiderate Waiter," by J. M. Barrie; "The Black Poodle," by F. Anstey; "That Brute Simmons," by Arthur Morrison; "A Rose of the Ghetto," by I. Zangwill; "An Idyl of London," by Beatrice Harraden; "The Omnibus," by Q, and "The Hired Baby," by Maria Corolli Marie Corelli.

WILL O' THE WASP. A Sea Yarn of the War of 1812. Edited by Henry Lawrence, U.S.N., and New Brought Before the Public for the First Time by Robert Cameron Rogers, New York: G. P. Puteam's Sons. Washington: Robert Pacil

One of the best sea stories that has been told for years. Such a story as boys love to read and become enthusiastic over. A story of American valor, and British valor. tee, in which the spirit of fighting Ameri-canism is cleverly sustained. Healthy throughout.

LINCOLN'S CAMPAIGN; Or, The Political Revo-lation of 1800. By Osborn H. Oldroyd, author of "A Soldier's Story of the Siege of Vicks-barg." Profusely Illustrated, Chicago: Laird & Lee.

This is the season for campaign literature. And as there appear to be several people who are careless as to current documents this may prove to be the season for campaign literature which is twenty-six years old. Capt. Oldroyd has gathered toof nearly four years of travel and study in gether a great deal of interesting historical material and now presents it in book form. Campaign speeches, campaign songs and campaign cartoons are in the aggregation, which ought to sell like the proverbial

SUNRISE STORIES. A Glance at the Literature of Japan. By Roger Riordan and Tozo Takaya-nagi. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: Brentano's.

"The reader must not expect to find here much solid instruction," say the authors in the introduction. "The true inwardness of Shinto, the nature of Nirvana, the import of the irruption of Japan into the charmed circle of Aryan interests, such problems as these must be left to others better able to cope with them. We have to deal more with fancy than with fact, with the brilliant and amusing surface, all foam and glitter, rather than with what may lie below, whether weeds or pearls. Amusing, odd and horrifying legend is here in plenty.

TRACK ATHLETICS IN DETAIL. Compiled by the Editor of "Interscholastic Sport" in "Harper's Round Table." Hinstrated from Instantaneous Photographs. New York: Harper & Brothers, Washington: Wm. Ballantyne & Sons.

A very large majority of Americans who reside in or near large cities are or want to be in the athletic class. Those who are naturally fitted for track athletics, but who have no competent instructors, will find this book a true guide. The information is set forth with brevity and clearness and in a pleasingly popular way.

MARIA MITCHELL Life, Letters and Journals.
Compiled by Phebe Mitchell Kendall, Illustrated, Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A welcome memorial to a woman whose greatness has been established beyond PROSE FANCIES. Second Series. By Richard Le cavil. As an astronomer she took place in Gallienne. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. the front rank, and so marked was her ability that the American Academy of Arts and Sciences admitted her to membershipthe only time such an honor was ever conferred upon a woman. There is inspiration for aspiring womanhood in the pages of this volume.

York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: Brentano's. Here are "A Lodging for the Night," by Robert Louis Stevenson; "A Leaf in the Storm," by Ouida; "A Terribly Strange Bed," by Wilkie Collins; "Michel Lorio's

Cross," by Hesba Stretton, and "A Perilous Amour," by Stanley J. Weyman. THE FACTS OF LIFE. (Les Faits de la Vie.)
Idiomatically Described and Systematically Arranged. Forming a Complete Dictionary of the Objective Language. Part I: Home Life—The School—Traveling—Plants. By Victor Betis, Director of the Norman School of Languages, Bostor. Mass., and Howard Swan, Director of the Central School of Foreign Tongues, London. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: Brentano's.

ton: Brentano's.

ETTINGILL & CO.'S NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY. EPTINGILI. & CO.'S NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY.
1896. Fourth Edition. A Carefully Selected
List of the Representative Newspapers Published
in the United States, Territories and Dominion
of Carada, with their Date of Establishment.
Frequency of Issue, Classification, Politics and
Circulation, and Population of the Cities and
Towns in which they are Published, Counties,
County Seats, &c. Boston: Pettingill & Co.

NE OF THE PEOPLE. Life and Speeches of William McKinley, Embracing a Complete Report of the Proceedings of the St. Louis Convention, to which is added a Brief Sketch of Garret A. Hobart, candidate for Vice President. By Byron Andrews, author of "Notes on the Russo-Turkish War," "Life of John A. Logan," &c. Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely.

SOCIAL MEANINGS OF RELIGIOUS EXPERI-ENCES. By George D. Herren. A Course of Lecture-Sermons prepared for the Settlement School of Social Economics, held by Prof. Gra-ham Taylor, D.D., at Chicago Commons. August 22-29, 1835; afterward given in the Shawmut Congregational Church, Boston. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

AMERICA AND EUROPE: A Study of International Relations. I. The United States and Great Britain, by David A. Wells. II. The Mource Doctrine, by Edward J. Phelps. III. Arbitra-tion in International Disputes, by Carl Schurz. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Washington, Robert Beall.

THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN, A Novel, By Sir Walter Besant, author of "Ail Sorts and Conditions of Men," "Children of Gibeon," "Armorel of Lyonesse," "Beyond the Dreams of Avarlee," &c. With Portrait, New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. Washington; Brentand's 'CUSHING' BOILED DOWN, An A. B. C. Guide to Parliamentary Law, Based on the Highest Authorities and Adapted to General Use. By F. M. Payne, author of "Business Educator," "Law at a Glance," &c. New York: Excelsion Dublishing Hamp.

Publishing House.

GOLD OR SILVER? A Political Economy. Mono-metallism, Bimetallism, etc., Defined and Ex-plained. Statistics from Which to Judge Causes

and Effects. By Marcus A. Miller. With Pen Pictures of the Times. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

FROM WHOSE BOURNE. By Robert Barr, author of "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Face and the Mask," "A Woman Intervenes," &c. Illustrated by Frank M. Gregory. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. Washington: A. Lisner.

THE U.DER SIDE OF THINGS. A Novel. By Lilian Bell, author of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," "A Little Sister to the Wilderness," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. Wash-ington: William Ballan'yne & Sons.

DAIREEN, A Novel. By Frank Frankfort Moore, author of "I Forbid the Banns," "Sale of a Soul," 'They Call It Love," "Phyllis of Phil-istia," etc. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

LOVE GONE ASTRAY. By Albert Ross, author of "Out of Wedlock." "An Original Sharer," "Thou Shalt Not," "Why I'm Single," "Young Fawcett's Mabel," &c. New York: G. W. Dillingham. Washington, Brentano's. GOLD AND SHATER COINAGE UNDER THE CON-STITUTION. Laws Enacted Thereon by Congress from the Organization of the Federal Govern-ment to the Present Time. Chicago: Rand, M:-Nally & Co.

GINETTE'S HAPPINESS, By "Gyp," author of "Chiffon's Marriage," "An Intatnation," etc., Translated by Ralph Derechef, New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. Washington: Woodward & Leibert

VENETIAN JUNE. By Anna Fuller, author of Tratt Portraits," "A Literary Courtship," etc. Blustrated by George Sloane, New York: G. P. Puttam's Sons. Washington; Robert Beall.

COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES WITH FOREIGN COUNTRIES During the Years 1894 and 1895. In Two Volumes: Vol. II. Washington: Government Printing Office. AN AMBITIOUS MAN. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox, author of "Historical Mother Goose," "Poems of Passion," "Poems of Pleasure," etc. Chi-cago: E. A. Weeks & Co.

HONOR ORMTHWAITE. A Novel. By the author of "Lady Jean's Vagarles." New York: Har-per & Brothers. Washington; William Ballan-tyne & Sons.

AT WELLESLEY, Legenda for 1896, Published for the Senior Class of Wellesley College, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, Washington; Robert Beall,

BLIND LEADERS OF THE BLIND. The Romance of a Blind Lawyer. By James R. tocke, M.D., author of "Hypnotism," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS. A Novel. By Horace Annesiey Vachell. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Washington: Wm. Ballantyne &

JERRY THE DREAMER. A Novel. By Will Payne. New York: Harper & Brothers, Wash-ington: William Ballantyne & Sons. THE VANISHED EMPEROR. By Percy Andreae, author of "Stanhope of Chester," etc. Chi-cago: Find, McNally & Co.

THE FINDING OF LOT'S WIFE. By Alfred Clark, New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. Washing-ton: Woodward & Lothrop, BAR HARBOR, By F. Marion Crawford, Hlustrated by C. S. Reinhart, New York; Charles Scribner's Sons, Washington; Brentano's.

THE WORKS OF MAX BEERBOHM. New York Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: tano's. SOME CORRESPONDENCE AND SIX CONVERSA-TIONS. By Clyde Fitch. New York: Stone &

THE REASON WHY. A Story of Fact and Fletion, By Ernest E. Russell, New York: Ernest E. Russell. CHECKERS, A Hard Luck Story. By Henry Blossem, jr. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone &

No. 1 of vol. 1 of Ex-Libris has made its appearance. It is a quarterly, and is devoted to the interests of collectors of bookplates, mainly American. The number opens with a salutatory by the president of the society, Mr. Pickering Dodge, in which STORIES BY ENGLISH AUTHORS. France. New the purposes of the publication are set forth, and among the very interesting contents are papers on the bookplates of Samuel Chase of Maryland; John Leach of Boston; a good description of the collection of bookplates belonging to Mr. W. A. Butterfield of Boston; a paper on the plate of Gen. Washington Johnston of Vincennes, Ind., by Mr. John T. Loomis of this city, and an article on the bookplates of the Paulding family, whose ancestor was one of the captors of Major Andre, and who have taken a fac similar of the famous have taken a fac simile of the famous Captors' Medal as well worthy of a place in their books. Mr. Charles Dexter Allen makes an urgent plea for small collections; Mr. W. H. Shir-Cliff of this city contributes a poem on the many specimens of Paul Revere's work in his collection, and-most important of all in the eyes of the collector-Mr. Henry Blackwell of New York be-gras the publication of a Check List of American Bookplates which it is hoped will include all American plates up to the year 1870. The reproductions of portraits and bookplates given in the magazine are especially worthy of note and commendation. The make-up and printing of the magazine are all that could be desired, and reflect great credit on the printer, Mr. H. L. McQueen of this city.

The headquarters of the society are at

## No. 1424 F street, where copies of the journal may be obtained. Hard to Tell Apart.

From the Chicago News, She is a very affable woman, and she would invariably say the right thing at the right place if she were not nearsighted.

"I see," she said, as she entered the drawing room of her friend, "that you have caught the annual craze." "To what do you refer?"
"The rage for chrysanthemums. And that one which you have tossed so careless-ly into the corner is one of the biggest and most beautiful I ever saw. What an ex-

"Yes," was the reply, "it's beautiful, and
I prize it very highly. Only it isn't a
chrysauthemum. It's my skye terrier take ing a nap."

Something Worse. From Life. She-"Do you know anything worse than. a man taking a kiss without asking for it?" He-"I do."

"What, for instance?" "Asking for it without taking it."

